Loues Leproſie.

The Preface to the Title.

The Leproſie yf Phiſicke bin approued,
Achilles cure, becauſe *Achilles* loued:
The Leproſie (ſaith *Gordon*) a diſeaſe,
Which on the child as yet vnborne doth ſeaſe,
Infectious and contagious, I could proue
It is incurable, and ſo is Loue.
Loues Leproſie according to her kinde,
Made him a Leaper in a Louers minde.

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dwelling in Cow-lane.
1598.

THE NEWBERRY
LIBRARY

To the right Honorable

Sir Rebert Sydnie, Lord gouernour of Flushing, T. P. wisheth all increase of *Honour, with the continuance of his* house in that florishing estate wherein it is now established.

I Knovv not (right Honorable) hovv to excuse this insinuation of mine, in committing this vnballast Barke to the maine of your protection, considering that euerie little Riuer hath vvater enough to beare it from the ground: yet if the Ozean rage not (as in disdayne to support so vveake a vessell) I may accomplish the period of my desires, and by this voiage learne to correct my Compasse: if othervvise, this Barke conteyning all my fortunes, suffers vntimely ship-vvracke, and I banquerout of my infant hopes:

At tua supplicibus domus est assueta iuuandis,
In quorum numero me precor esse velis.

There is a Sea interuenting the Hauen *Aulis* of

Beotia and *Eubæa*, called *Euripus*; vvhich flovves vvith ſuch violence, that it preuayles againſt the vvindes in maynteining full ſayles diſplayed *exaduerſo*: The ſame Sea (right Honorable) a true *Idæa*, reſembles the Loue vvherevvith you imbrace the Muſes ſonnes in reſcuing from the *Phocian Pyreneus* the *Pyerian* queriſters, vvhom headſtrongluſt ſeekes to dishonour; I preſent to your Lordſhyppe the luckleſſe loues of *Achilles*: vvhich if they may but gaine a gratious vievv in your iudiciall diſcretion, you ſhall buy my labours at a high rate, and I thinke my ſelfe therevvith bountifully revvarded.

(∴)

Your Lordſhippes officious in all dueties of humilitie,

Tho. Povvell.

LECTORI.

Twas Dedalus *that enuied at the Boy*
Drencht in the Sea, for making of a toy:
Litle glory did he winne;
Enuie is a mickle ſinne.
Tis he, and none but he I feare,
Loath to buy my toy ſo deare.
When Apollo *ſhineth bright,*
Leſſer Starres ſhall looſe their light.
Wonder not when day is ended,
Though our glimmering be extended.
If I borrow from the Sunne,
And reſtore not, day once done.
May this Starre that's ſo impaled,
Like a Meteor be exhaled:
That with his prodigious breath,
Doth infect vnto the death.
Caſt me not headlong from Parnaſſus *hill,*
Although my worke be wanting to my will.

Gentle Reader yours to vſe,
If propitiate with his muſe.

T. P.

IAMES HARMAN
in commendations of
the Author.

I Can but muſe to ſee thy timerous Muſe,
Of Enuies hidden ſting to ſtand in awe:
What though th' Athinian Carpenter did bruſe
The forward youth, foyboaſting of his Saw:
Enuie will turne to Loue, and Loue to liking;
Such influence abideth in thy wryghting.

Let but the gentle Reader read thy yeares,
Thy Cygnet for a Swanne he will allow:
For by Achilles *Loues it well appeares,*
Thee with hir treaſure Pallas *did indow.*
Let this ſuffice for all, thou mayſt be bolde,
So young a head neare wrote a verſe ſo olde.

Cum tonat ocyus Ilex.
Sulphure diſcutitur ſacroquam tuq; domuſq;

Loues Leprosie.

TROY loſt hir Souldier,
Priam loſt a Sonne:
Troyes hopes were paſt,
and *Priams* triumphes donne.
The *Phrygian* Dames,
thoſe ſad *Illyades*,
Earth ſpherifying lyghtes,
heauens *Pleiades*,
Do fret the pauement of his braſen Tombe
With teares, whoſe currants from their eylids runne:
With teares in ſtead of flowers they ſtrew the way,
Such ſollemne rites beſeeme ſo blacke a day:
With teares they waſh his woundes, and then againe
Lament with teares, their brother *Hector* ſlaine.
Euen at theſe exequies amongſt the reſt,
Was *Peleus* iſſue an vnwelcome gueſt.
He noates their ſorrow, and each ſeuerall paſſion,
Affrighting *Nemeſis* with inuocation.
Polyxena ſendes foorth from trembling breſt,
Yee Gods in whom *Troy* holdes her intereſt.
Be iuſt vpon *Achilles* for this deede,
Who firſt begirtene with a mourning weede:
At this inceenſt, to heare ſuch imprecation,
As to his owne ſoule had ſo neare relation.
His blood growes proud, and makes his brow the land

Which he tryfallowes like caractered ſand.
Thus he replyes in language mixt with gall,
That but for honor of the capitall:
And of that truce whereto they were coniured,
By *Hectors* blood, which had the earth manured.
And all the ſoules which by vntimely fate,
His Sword had ſent to hell before their date.
That tongue from whom ſuch ranckor had his courſe,
Should begge for life, and yet finde no remorce:
But ſacrificious at her brothers ſhrine,
Beſprinkling it with blood, her ſoule refine.
Theſe wordes he vſed, and vſing them came neare,
So nigh that faire *Polyxene* did appeare:
Our *Mermaidonian* Captaine all amazed,
Stone ſtill he ſtandes, and ſtanding ſtill he gazed:
His eyes were dimde, the obiect was ſo bright;
Such is the force of Beautie, ſuch her might,
His hart an anuill to a tragicke theame,
Where death began to forge a ſtratageme
Will not endure while furie ſtrikes a heate:
But at the firſt allarums ſounds retreate.
His handes intended like that furious Knight,
Who thought the *Græcian* fleet might proue his right;
Or as him ſelfe, when as his ſecond ſelfe
Breathed foorth his ſoule, diuorſt from life and death.
Euen now as then for his *Patroclus* ſake:
Now did I ſay, euen now I miſtake,
O now they plead as Oracles of grace,
They menace none, for Loue hath changed the caſe.
A change to ſee his knee to offer duetie,
The foote whereof ſpurnes at all changing beautie.

Achilles

Achilles loues *Polyxene*: What is shee?
The lyuing daughter of his enemie.
How shall he woe her, that hath wed another?
How shall he winne her, that hath slaine her brother?
His *Trophees* and his triumphes she doth hate.
In *Hectors* death his vallor liued too late.
Liue blest in this, that thou art *Orpheus* brother:
Hee none of thine, nor *Thetis* is his mother.
Hee in *Castalian*, therein didst thou bath,
And thou in *Stygian*, so he neuer hath:
Minion to *Mars*, and Champion to the nine:
O that our age could elbow that of thine.
But widow shee hath lost *Achilles* mate,
SYDNEY whose breathing fame admits no date.
O but for him I neuer should abyde,
But tell the *Achademicks* lowde he lyde, (rish,
Who mids those holsome heatbes which he did che-
Suffered *Metemsucosin* so to florish.
In him *Achilles* wandring soule did rest,
Who like an Eagle could not buyld her nest,
Till she had found him out; but full of paine,
Seekes her *Echytes* els-where all in vaine.
With finding him, my Muse hath lost her selfe:
Come backe, for Natures banquer out of her wealth.
The *Phœnix* burnes, would teares might quench the flame:
Andromache calls on dead *Hectors* name.
Though he be dead, his honors euer liue:
My infant Penne shall him his tribute giue.
And when this Cygnet hath a whiter hew,
Shee vowes to swimme, or sinke, in open view.
Achilles wooes her Loue, is full of woe,

Polyxen yeeldes, but *Hecuba* sayes noe.
Alas that Loue the sonne, and Loue the mother,
By opposition should aduerse each other:
Shee doth accuse him as degenerate,
Whose birth a Goddesse did contaminate:
Hee sweares shee is vnkinde of woman kinde:
Predominance stuffes her ambitious minde.
Both striue to soueraignize, both emulate,
Such ciuill warre the weale doth dissipate.
O I should deeme them, but for their descents,
Two of the foure substantiall Elements.
Those two I meane, whose contrarietie,
Seekes to expell by their aduersitie.
Hence ist *Polyxen* loues and loathes together,
Much like the Vaine thats guyded by the weather:
This is the influence of Loue the mother,
And Loue the sonne, efficient of the other.
Once more, and reprehende not for digression:
A womans minde is fit for each impression:
Hippocrates electuarie wyse
Attributes it to weakenesse in their eyes:
Induce mee to subscribe he neuer can,
For euery female will outface a man,
And sinke him in the center of her eye,
Drentcht with the sourses of immodestye.
Olde *Hecuba*, well learned in their sex,
Instructes her daughter in this diuelish text:
Hate occupie the center of thy hart,
Varnish with Loue the superficiall part,
That when *Achilles* hopes to croppe a flower,
The hidden Snake may haue him in her power.

The dryft is this, *Achilles* being ſlayne,
The Græcian *Trophees* will decline and wayne:
Loue him as Rangers vſe to loue their Deare,
That being fatt, they fall at time of yeere.
The *Lecturis* was diligent to reed,
The Pupill as attentiue giues goodheed:
The Græcian at the firſt encounter faylde,
Albeit, his ſecond oraſons preuaylde.
Maydes at the firſt, feare to be counted light,
And therefore vſe their Noe but as a ſlight:
Yet yf ſhe loue, preuenting Nay at thrice,
For feare ſhee looſe her pray, cryes Yea at twice.
Egiptus Sonne whom *Danaa* takes to wyfe,
Feeles ere he ſees his throate to kiſſe the knyfe:
Euen ſo our Louer, fearing no infection,
Taſtes by the tongue, but tryes not by digeſtion.
And now he ſtrikes a higher noate in Loue,
Than earſt when baſer ſtringes did onely moue.
Am I Loues thrall (quoth he) and muſt I yeelde
To her, the honours which I wonne in feelde?
Loe *Cytherea* at thy ſacred ſhryne,
My conqueſtes I do willingly reſigne.
Where Loue's the goale, and Beautie giueth ayme,
Ile proue an Archer, though I looſe the gayme.
Some of my ſhaftes are ſpent, not will I ſpare,
But other ſhaftes ſhall proforate the ayre:
When all are gone, Heauens archar ſhall ſupplie,
By him Ile calculate Loues deſtenie.
Ioynd with the moſt propitiate of the ſeauen,
Dart foorth cæleſtiall influence from heauen.
For this dayes deede, O chide mee not to morrow,

Tis not of *Maurus* that I begge or borrow:
If I do ſo, let *Fuſcus* looſe his right:
And yet tis farre to reach vnto the whight,
His heauie quiuer and my hart of lead,
Will make the craſie ſicke, the ſick-man dead.
The Deſtenies were neuer yet my Saintes.
At Fortunes ſhrine I breath not foorth my plaintes.
How much I ſcorne to borrow *Maurus* Bow,
Heauens conſtellations may confirme and ſhow:
I will commaund them all; yf they refuſe,
The pledge of Wiſedome ſhall be my excuſe.
If *Sagitarius* throw me from a farre,
Foure ſpheres remote to *Phœbus* thirling carre,
And he ſuppoſe it be diſparagment,
To giue a heauen wrackt ſoule ſome intertainment,
Like to a fire Ile ſit vpon the maynes
Of his vnmanaged Iades, and burne their raynes:
Then will I take my Goddeſſe by the hand,
Whoſe awfull Scepter guydeth *Paphos* land.
How I am wronged ſhee ſhall informe her Sonne,
And he ſhall helpe when all my hopes are done.
If *Cupid* fauour not, then will I proone,
Apoſtata vnto the God of Loue.
Nay more, a Cynick like *Diogenes*,
Miſanthropos and a *Miſogones*:
This reſolution did proceede from Loue,
In whoſe thoughtflying Orbe his ſoule did mooue:
The day he ſpendes in ſtudie how to gaine her,
His ſtudie nothing els but to obtaine her:
Obſeruing this a motiue in their kinde,
High prayſes humor beſt a womans minde.

ens inebi- Aſtris.

And

And this mooues him to proue practitioner,
Solicite loue pleas *Cupids* barriſter.
Polyxenes Poet in his Miſtres prayſe,
Thus gins to volley foorth his amorous layes.
Thou wretchles Father of a wretched Sonne,
Sire to that diſmounted *Phaeton:*
Giue raynes vnto thoſe fierie Steedes of thine,
That tread the path of the ſigniferous lyne.
Faire *Sunne* that ſeeſt each mothers Sonne on earth,
Cynthius by loue, *Latoides* by thy birth:
Proude for the one, promoted for the other.
Vowde to thy Loue, deuoted to thy Mother.
Eye of all ſeeing-heauens, earthes lyfe, worldes light;
Whoſe preſence makes the day, and abſence night:
Performe the reuolution of ſwift time,
according to theſe faire demaundes of mine.
Poynt at that time, that wiſhed time, and ſay;
Loe this of many, a ſelected day:
Wherein thy Loue yeeldes her conſenting voyce,
Of thee (would God of mee) to make her choyce.
Knowſt thou Earth, animating lyght, my ſaint?
The fountaine of my griefe, and hartes complaint?
If not, attende the whilſt I ſhall thee ſhow,
How thou my Loue from others loues mayſt know
O ſhee is fayrer then the louely Boy,
Who by his death bereft *Hyperions* ioy.
Had this *Diana* naked in the Spring,
By any Forreſter bin euer ſeene,
He could not haue the power to runne away:
But there inchaunted, at the gaze to ſtay,
For neede ſhe call the Nimphes to reach her boe,

The sight had rauisht and bewitcht him soe,
Her voyce the ground of winged *Hermes* sweete,
Wherewith *Lucinaes* Watchman fell a sleepe:
Her handes, yf *Ioue* perceiue they seeme to craue,
She need not speake, *Ioue* graunts what she would haue.
The margent is so fayre to gaze vpon,
That he shall surfet yf he gaze too long.
Her armes heauens continent, the way so bright,
Reflecting *Cynthius* rayes seemes lacteall whight.
Once more the more for to decipher her,
Shees like thy selfe, O none so like faire starre.
The beautie thy disheuered lockes contayne,
Doth in the tramels of her hayre remayne.
As wee eye thee (all obiectes set apart)
So shee hath power to draw both eyes and hart.
If any penne distinguish twixt the Gods
And fayre *Polyxen*, I allow him ods:
Mainteine, there is no difference but this;
That they in Heauen, shee on the Center is.
By him her prayses haue eternitie,
And shee layes naked his mortallitie.
True Loue's a sainct, so shall you true loue know:
False Loue a *Schythian*, yet a sainct in show.
When many elegies of Loue were done,
Polyxens hand, but not hart he wonne:
On this condition, that his Sword and Shield
Should neuer be aduanst in *Teucrian* field:
And euery *Mermaidon* whom he controlde,
The same with him inuiolate to holde.
By this the dayes of truce did take an ende:
And heere begins the practize they intende.

A ſecond leader to the forebred fight,
Was inſtigated *Troilus* behight:
He knowes *Achilles* ſleepes within his tent,
His loynes vngirded, and his Bowe vnbent.
He there the *Troian* gallant playes his prankes,
Paſſes confronted Pykes, and breakes their rankes.
The *Græcians* flye, their Captaynes being ſlayne,
Our younger Sonne to *Mars* purſues amayne:
Makes pauement of their Trunkes, and where he rides,
The hollow hoofe checkquered in blood abides,
Leauing the print behinde, as who ſhould ſay,
Be witneſſe that the *Troian* rode this way:
Achilles doth beholde by Loue reſtrayned:
He feares to be orebolde, but reſtes contayned,
With execration that he did conſent,
By ſolempne oath vnto this darke intent,
Their inſtrumentes of Warre keepe tims accord,
The *Spartan* King, before *Antenors* Sword:
Flyes in ſuch danger of recouerie,
He wiſht nightes mantell were his ſanctuarie.
His Foe growes inſolent, made proude with pray,
And conqueſt muſt her vtmuſt duetie pay.
Achilles is not tyde vnto the Maſt,
The *Acheloydes* ſinge, and he in haſt
Leapes from his Cabbin: O twere treble wrong
That he impatient ſhould abſtayne ſo long.
Well mounted & well met, they ioyne togeather (ther:
Like Clowdes, whoſe ruſhing cauſe tempeſtuous wea-
And now their clattering Shildes reſemble thunder.
The fire a lightning when the cloudes do ſunder,
Long did it thunder ere the heauens were bright,

So long that when it cleered, the day was night:
A night perpetuall vnto *Priams* ſonne;
His Horſe was ſlaine, the day was loſt & won, (ſound,
And heere each one might heare windes whiſpering
When earſt the Drums their ſenſes did confound
Troilus dethes, chiefe conqueſt from the fielde,
Wrapt in their Colours, couered with his Shielde,
They carry him to make the number more,
Whoſe bleeding ſydes *Achilles* Speare did gore.
O had he not bin ouer inſolent,
Achilles Speare had reſted in his Tent:
But his prouoking pride did ſeeme to braue
The braueſt Souldier in the ayre concaue.
This is the onely price that Vallour yeeldes,
Thy ſoule ſhall finde his reſt in *Martiall* fieldes.
The ſecond league for dayes they doe proclaime,
And now *Achilles* viſites his faire dame.
Ill fare that outward faire that's inward foule,
An Angels face wed to *Proſerpines* ſoule:
If Diuels in Dietie thus masked bin,
The man thats ſo bewitcht doth no whit ſin.
Thus pleades the ſubiect of my weeping Muſe,
For his fond Loues, alleadging this excuſe.
If hee complayne on Loue, ſhee heares his plaintes
With delinition, and becauſe he faintes,
Shee doth reuiue him, brooking no delay,
With aſſignation of a wedding day.
Forthwith a marriage twixt them was concluded:
Alas that true Loue ſhould be ſo deluded.
The Sunne is roſe, ſees *Thetis* Sonne to fall,
Vnder this falſe pretended nuptiall.

The *Delphick* Oracle is now fulfilde,
Eare *Troy* be wonne, *Achilles* muſt be kilde.
This is the day wherein they ſurfet all,
With blood of his, who made the *Troians* thrall.
And this the day wherein he did appeaſe
Vnquiet ſoules, which earſt could finde no eaſe.
This day was nyght to him, and day to thoſe
By whom vntimely death did heere repoſe
His liues familliar Starre doth ſhoote and fall,
The faireſt Starre the heauens weare gracte withall.
Euen when his ſteppes ſalute the Temple porch
With Hymmes, and *Hymenæus* burning torch,
A ſhaft from *Paris* hand did ſoone diſcloſe
Where *Styx* had kiſt him, and how high it roſe.
Where the *Stygian* flood did neuer reach,
Deathes winged meſſenger did make a breach:
Whence from each veine, the ſacred breath deſcending,
Polyxens ioyes began, and his had ending.

FINIS.

Elægia.

OF all the Gods aboue,
I did honour Loue:
Loue his dietie.
Nothing might me mooue,
For I did approoue
Loue his pietie.
I did loue,
He did proue,
Nothing myght my Loue remoue.
He did proue,
I did loue:
Witneſſe this the Gods aboue.

He did not reſpect mee,
But he did reiect mee,
In his royaltie:
He did not affect mee,
But he did ſuſpect mee
Of diſloyaltie:
No reſpect
Did reiect
Mee in this his royaltie:

No affect
Did ſuſpect
Mee, for no diſloyaltie.

I the Fielde did leaue,
And mine Armes bequeath
To the Loue Qneene.
To my brow did cleaue
Venus Myrtill wreath:
There was loue ſeene.
I did leaue,
And bequeath,
Myne Armour for a Myrtill wreath:
Myrtle wreathe
Purchaſt leaue,
To my Temples faſt to cleaue.

The Boy that was ſo blinde,
Showed himſelfe vnkinde
To mine amours:
Playning to the winde,
I no eaſe coulde finde
To my clamours.
He was blinde,
And vnkinde:
So vnconſtant was his minde,
As the winde,
So vnkinde:
Eaſe for Loue I could not finde.

Now I doe repent mee,
Now I do lament mee:
But alas too late.
Gentle hart relent thee,
Though thou must content thee
With thy froward fate.
Hart content thee,
Hart relent thee,
Since *Polyxen* was vntrue.
I lament mee,
And repent mee:
Loue and Women both adew.

Tam veneri quam Marti,
Martius Achilles.